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You get the very finest tea the world produces, fresh from the gardens, in the Sealed Lead Packets—

"SALADA"

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA

Have You Tried It?

30c, 40c, 50c, 60c and 70c Per Lb. AT YOUR GROCER'S.

The Times' Daily Short Story.

Out of Dartmoor

[Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas.]

Convict No. 6800, whose name was James Shelburne, was working on the moor farm with others when the fog came up. It came rolling across the wide moor like a billow of smoke from a cannon's mouth. One minute there was sunshine over all, with the horizon five miles away; in another the guards were calling out to each other and hustling the convicts into line, and no man's eyes could penetrate that fog a distance of ten feet. Shelburne dropped his spade and ran. He was grabbed at by other convicts, fired at by guards, and he ran against and knocked over two or three men, but he escaped—that is, he got away from the bunch of prisoners herded together like so many cattle while the guards sent to the prison for re-enforcements to march them in.

There have been few escapes from Dartmoor. No man ever got away from there unless aided by the fog. A fog was what James Shelburne had waited and hoped and prayed for for five years. For four years he had been immured behind the stone walls. He had done his best to gain the confidence of the prison officials, and he had accomplished it. If he softly raved and cursed at night, tempted to suicide a hundred times over, none of the wardens suspected it. By day he was patient, respectful and uncomplaining. And so it came to pass that when the spring muster roll was made up of the men who were to work on the farms outside the gates the warden said:

"Put down 6800. He is one of the most trusty of the lot. He wouldn't leave us if he could."

The convict ran blindly. He fell at every few yards, but he arose to speed on again. Presently he came to a highway. A wagon was passing and its driver shouting warnings to those who might be coming from the opposite direction. Shelburne slipped behind and climbed in. There were a lot of empty bags from the morning marketing, and he covered himself up as well as he could. The prison bell sounded, and the driver uttered a shout, but the fog held. A Dartmoor fog may last ten minutes or two hours. After an hour of steady jogging the team turned off the main road. Then Shelburne softly slipped to the ground, broke his way through the hedge and was running across a meadow when he came upon a cottage. A childish voice called out:

"You are one of the bad men from the prison, but you needn't be afraid of me. I won't hurt you."

A girl of seven or eight years was seated on the doorstep not ten feet away. He had overlooked her. She sat humped up like an old woman, and there was an old look to her face. She had her hands clasped around her knees.

A Mild Larative

Ask your doctor to name some of the results of constipation. His long list will begin with sick-headache, biliousness, dyspepsia, thin blood, bad skin. Then ask him if he would recommend your using Ayer's Pills for constipation. Just one pill at bedtime, a few times, that's all.

We have no secret! We publish the formula of our preparation.

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Alone.

Entering the mansion, we find its mistress weeping silently but copiously into a delicate handkerchief.

"May we inquire the occasion of your sorrow?" we ask gently.

"Just to think," she wails. "Myself and my daughters left absolutely alone and unprotected!"

"What? Your husband and your sons—surely they?"

We pause, fearing that we have blundered upon some mighty catastrophe. "My husband," she weeps, "is in prison for murdering some trusty; his oldest son is doing ninety days for reckless automobileing, and now word has come that my other son has been sent to jail for some college prank or other!"

Sighing because of the relentless hand of the law, which smites without regard to the number of gentle hearts it crushes, we tip toe away and leave the woman in her grief.—Judge.

Varnish for Glass.

A varnish for glass is made by dissolving pulverized gum tragacanth in the whites of eggs well beaten. Apply with a brush very carefully.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

DR. T. Felix Goussard's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Remove Tan, Pimples, freckles, Moth Patches, Blemishes, and every blemish on the face, and the skin becomes soft, smooth, and beautiful. It has stood the test of 25 years, and is so simple and so safe that it is recommended by the most eminent physicians. It is a skin of beauty is a joy forever. For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe. FERGUSON, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

STATE MAY OWN MINES

Miners to Share In The Profits Realized

MEASURE MAY BE PART

Of Clemenceau Programme—Death Penalty Is to Be Ended—Civil Law to Be Part Substitute for Courts-Martial.

Paris, Nov. 1.—The cabinet has decided to include in its parliamentary programme the purchase of the Western railroad and a bill providing for the abolition of the death penalty. War Minister Picquart's plan for the reform of courts-martial amounts to their entire suppression, substituting therefor civil procedure in the case of offenses punishable by common law, while disciplinary courts will deal with infractions of discipline. Minister of Public Works Barthou's project for the revision of the mining law contemplates the taking over by the state of all mines and the participation of the miners in the profits. As a result of intimations coming from very high clerical quarters that Catholics propose to carry off religious objects from the churches before the application of the separation law, the government has sent a circular to all the prefects of police in France pointing out that they will be held personally responsible in the event of the disappearance of such objects, and that their private property may be distrained for the value thereof.

PERSIAN CUSTOM OF BAST.

Method of Righting Wrongs Is Inconvenient to Legations.

In Persia there is the strange custom known as "bast." It simply means that any one having a grievance by taking refuge on the premises of a nobleman may demand that the nobleman take up his cause as though the baste were one of his own household.

There seems to be no limit to the custom, for the petty criminal often takes refuge, or bast, in a mosque, where he is safe; if his friends are allowed to feed him, if the police want him they must starve him out.

There was a man who sat for eight years in one of the legations here patiently awaiting a settlement of a small claim that he had against the Persian government. Ministers came and went, but he stayed on. At last his claim was paid, and he died celebrating his victory!

Few legations would have the courage to put a man out, as it would bring down no small amount of opprobrium upon them.

The other day every shop in the great bazaar in Teheran closed, and between 5,000 and 6,000 men—merchants, artisans and some priests—went into the English legation and informed the acting minister that they were there to remain until the English government took up their case with the Persian government.

Fortunately the grounds are large, but at least great damage must be done to the beautiful gardens by the 5,000 and more men camping on them.

A short time ago these people would have gone to the Russian legation, but today it is passed by and forgotten, while the streets surrounding the British legation are filled with crowds who do not hesitate to say that England can have the country if she wants it.

The whole city seems to be on a strike. Only the mails, butcher and baker have not been interfered with. Half a ton of bread daily is required to feed these within the legation compound. All day long the Koran is read and Allah is appealed to for help.—Independent.

One Legged Girl Dancer.

In a combination concert garden and dance hall near the entrance to Prospect park, Brooklyn, may be seen nearly every night a girl with one leg dancing merrily over the polished floor.

Her dexterity with a crutch is almost marvelous, and there is never a break in her perfect time with the music. Waiters, two-steps and other round dances are indulged in, and the girl never lacks for partners. In fact, many who have danced with her say she is lighter on her feet than most girls with a full set of limbs.

The girl is pretty and, for that sort of place, very ladylike. In many respects she is a mystery, as few know her name or history and why she retains her love for dancing despite her handicap.—New York Press.



HARRY BROWN AS DAVID HARUM.

\$5 to the Boy or Girl



that sends in the largest number of words from the 12 letters contained in

BOSS CRACKERS

EACH WEEK

All you have to do is to write your list of words on one side of a sheet of paper, sign your name and address—plainly—enclosing a BOSS TRADE MARK, and mail it to Advertising Department, C. D. BOSS & SON, New London, Conn., U.S.A.

You will find Boss Trade Marks on end of every package of Boss Crackers and your grocer will give you one with every pound of Bulk Crackers. Watch newspapers for winners each week.

For Sale by the Following Grocers

F. D. Ladd & Co., Merchant & Fraser, Smith & Cumings, J. H. Griffin, Dix & Coleman, Barre, Vermont

C. E. Black, South Royalton, Vt.; Sprague & Sprague, East Barre, Vt.; J. W. Barnes, Randolph, Vt.; Panten & Royal, Randolph, Vt.; W. F. Edson, Randolph, Vt.; Charles Thurston, Randolph, Vt.; Randolph Fruit Co., Randolph, Vt.; A. C. Wells, Randolph Center, Vt.; J. W. Fargo, Randolph Center, Vt.; H. E. Shaw, Stowe, Vt.; Smith & Basier, Stowe, Vt.; J. A. Staffee, Stowe, Vt.; F. S. Boardman, Stowe, Vt.; McAllister Bros., East Barre, Vt.; Fred Perrin, Plainfield, Vt.; E. D. Bartlett, Plainfield, Vt.; C. C. Ward, Middlesex, Vt.; S. C. Kellogg, Middlesex, Vt.; Giguere Bros., Westerville, Vt.; H. L. Abbott, Worcester, Vt.; B. E. Gillette, Worcester, Vt.; H. E. Burnham, South Woodbury, Vt.; W. H. Miles, Granville, Vt.; E. N. Aldrich, Granville, Vt.; R. S. Fuller, Cambridge Jct., Vt.; Willey Bros., Cambridge Jct., Vt.; H. N. Gray, Cambridge Jct., Vt.; W. L. Griswold, Cambridge Jct., Vt.; Peirce & Stevens, Cambridge Jct., Vt.; Mark Stevens, Cambridge Jct., Vt.; L. C. Dickerman, South Royalton, Vt.; Abbott & Cadley, Bethel, Vt.; S. A. Sargent, Bethel, Vt.; Eddy & Macintosh, Stowe, Vt.; J. K. Lynde, Williamstown, Vt.; L. B. Brookway, Williamstown, Vt.; G. Fladen, Roxbury, Vt.; F. E. Atkins, Waterbury, Vt.; F. C. Lamb, Waterbury, Vt.; W. S. Hardy, Waterbury, Vt.; J. A. Gilmore, Waterbury Center, Vt.; George L. Pray, North Montpelier, Vt.; C. P. Dudley, East Montpelier, Vt.; R. E. Paine, Northfield, Vt.; Denison & Fisher, So. Northfield, Vt.; Melvin Raymond Co., Jeffersonville, Vt.; Frank L. Starr Co., Jeffersonville, Vt.; Thomas Bros. & Co., Jeffersonville, Vt.; G. A. Marsh, Bethel, Vt.; W. R. Strickland, North Duxbury, Vt.

LAWLESSNESS IN RUSSIA

203 Big Robberies in Russia

DURING LAST FORTNIGHT

The Booty Mounts Into the Thousands—Banks Stop the Sending of Shipments of Money as a Consequence.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 1.—Eight of the identified participants in the robbery, October 27, of Cashier Hermann of the custom house, according to the papers here, were condemned to be transported Tuesday night to Cronstadt for execution. Several women have been arrested on suspicion of complicity in the crime, but no trace has been found of the mysterious female who decamped with the cash. Thin police are now working on the theory that she was a man in disguise.

It is feared that the robbers first intended to attack a shipment of \$1,250,000 from the state bank October 17, but they were forced to abandon their plan because the authorities were warned.

On account of the danger of robbery, the state bank has refused to undertake shipments of money to several provinces.

The past fortnight's record of important robberies throughout the empire shows that 203 crimes of that nature were committed, and that the total booty secured was \$1,232,000, exclusive of last week's robbery.

J. P. Thayer, who for some time has published the Essex syndicate papers of Essex Junction, will make his home and residence there in the future.

All diseases and SKIN affections of the SKIN

Positively cleared away in a hurry. I vouch for it.

Thousands of wretched people are miserable—imagining they have a bad poisoning of the blood—when in nine cases out of ten it is purely a local parasitic manifestation in the skin which can be cleared away in a hurry. Such misery now cleared away as surely as the sun shines above. Not merely ATTEMPTED—not a matter of improvement only—but a clearing of it all away, absolutely—and quickly, too.



(Case of Sammy Ninkey. Cleared away and entirely cured in 21 days. Fully proven to us.)

We vouch for this—absolutely.

It has been proven to us beyond the possibility of doubt that a new medicament known as D. D. D. clears up the worst skin affections quickly. Its work seems astonishing, amazing, almost miraculous. (It is a specific formula, which, because of its discovery by Dr. Decatur Dennis, is known as "D. D. D."). Its actual record sounds like a story of magic. But there is no room for doubt about it whatever: full proofs indisputable in every respect, have been submitted to us regarding hundreds of cases—among them the one case shown here of the boy (Sammy Ninkey), who was cured in 21 days. The results are not only complete, but permanent; in this case it is now nearly two years since the disease was cleared up, and no taint of it has appeared since.

Each one of the known skin affections is parasitic in nature, and all of them have yielded to "D. D. D." The preparation is being used by most of the skin specialists. It is compounded for druggists solely by the D. D. D. Co., 70 Dearborn St., Chicago.

It is utilized by every family physician who has taken the trouble to investigate the work it is accomplishing. It is used in the Cook County Hospital, Chicago.

It will clear away any parasitic break in the skin in from 3 days to 60 days' time. Visit the undersigned and see proofs that will make you a happier human. \$1.00 buys the prescription—already made up in sealed bottles, with authentic label on each.

RICKERT & WELLS,
MILES' GRANITE BLOCK, BARRE, VT.